Be Careful What You Wish

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Be Careful What You Wish

by dandelion_wishes

Summary

Hannibal acquires a dijion, Will. One serial killer plus one all powerful being. What could go wrong?

Notes

The type of genie is based on the Arabic dijion legends, very loosely based. These being could be good, evil or neutral. They sometimes tormented humans.

No beta and grammar sucks.

Chapter 1

Hannibal stands hidden in the dark of a forrest. He is watching Jack Crawford and his team working on a crime scene where they have dug up fifteen bodies. The perimeter has been lite with industrial size lights. Hannibal is not concerned with being seen. This is not one of his personal works of art he watches. This is recon to catch a glimpse of Jack's new profiler. No one has seen him, not even Freddie Lounds, but his abilities to profile killers are already legendary.

Jack orders everyone to leave the area. As the others leave, Hannibal moves closer to see the scene. When Jack is alone he sets down a beat up green tackle box. Jack surveys the area one more time. Jack squats down and rubs his hand over the box. Nothing happens for a moment, then suddenly a light blue smoke slides out of the tackle box.

The smoke twist and turns like a serpent toward the frozen ground. It wavers as a man comes into existence. He is somewhat tall, dark curls, straight nose, square jaw with scruff, blue eyes behind glasses and full lips. He is dressed in a green army jacket, jeans and sensible work boots. His hands are shackled with handcuffs with a long chain between the cuffs.

The man turns and looks at Jack. He looks at the scene before him. Then he sighs.

" What do you want Jack." He asks

"You know what I want. I want your insight and profile,Will."

"Is the price you've paid still not great enough for my insight?"

"Don't worry about what I've paid. Do as I command you."

"Then command as you will Master." Will hisses out. Anger and frustration on his face.

"Dijion give me your insight into the killer's mind and his next move."

"As you wish, Master."

Hannibal watches in awe and curosity as the dijion Will gives detailed information about the killer. 'No wonder Jack keeps him a secrect. Why does he not ask for the killer instead?' He wonders. 'What price has he paid? How did he get such a powerful creature.'

Hannibal is thrumming with excitement. He will find out. As Hannibal is about to turn and leave, Will turns toward the woods. His eyes narrow and Hannibal knows he sees him. Will says nothing to Jack, he just turns back to the scene.

Hannibal returns home with full intention of getting that tackle box.

Hannibal has stalked Jack to find where he keeps the dijion hidden. Jack has kept a tight grip on his poession, hardly ever letting our of his sight. Hannibal finds a similar tackle box which he painstaking distresses to look like Jack's. He then arranges a meeting with Jack. Hannibal manages to switch out the boxes. It is a bold move but anything else would be unlike him.

He returns back to his office. He stores the box out of sight until after his last appointment of the day. Hannibal pours himself some wine. He puts the tackle box beside the chair in front of him. Anticipation is one of the best parts of opening a gift.

When Hannibal is ready. He gently rubs the box. He then sits down as the mist appears transforming into the dijion Will. Will is standing in front of him. His expression is surprise as he looks for Jack. When he doesn't see him, he bows slightly toward Hannibal.

"What do you wish from me, New Master. I am here to serve you in all ways." Will says. He hates having to socialize with a new master. He doesn't know which is worse introduction, the endless waiting or the stupid ass wishes people want fulfilled. The sooner they get this over with the better.

Hannibal nods his heads graciously toward Will. "My name is Dr Hannibal Lecter. Please to meet you." Hannibal extends his hand toward the seat. "Please have a seat."

Will's brow furrows in confusion. He looks behind him at the seat. He steps back and sits down.

"Would you like some wine?"

"Ummm..I would prefer whiskey if you have it. " Will looks at Hannibal appraising his motives and movements as he goes to get Will a drink. 'Well this is a first' He thinks.

Hannibal returns with a crystal glass of whiskey. Will murmurs his thanks. By the cut of the man's suit and the crystal he knows the new master will not ask for wealth.

Will drinks his whiskey appreciating the taste and burn of the alcohol it's been ages since he has had a drink.

Finally Will breaks the silence. "What do you ask of me Master?"

"Not one for small talk or eye contact are you?"

"Masters only summon me when they want something, not for my social skills. Eye contact is distracting, I don't want to see any more than I have too,Master."

Hannibal nods. "Then how does this work then?"

"Well you get three wishes. After the three wishes, you have to pay for a wish with blood or some other gift. There are rules of course."

"Of course. What are the rules?"

" I can't force anyone to fall in or out of love. I can't raise the dead. Once a wish is made it can't be undone. Those three are the big one's. I have suggestions if you like mybadvice. " Hannibal nods his head for Will to continue. "Your wishes need to be worded very specific, if not they are open to my interpretation. If you want predictions of the future, it is ill advised because the future is ever changing. So what will it be?"

"Is there a time limit?"

"Nope. I've got all the time in the word." Will slings back the rest of thiskey. He sets the glass down. His handcuffs clank with ever movement.

"How about conversation?"

"What about it?"

"Is it consider a wish?"

"No." Will scratches his scruff. "Never had anyone want to talk. A wish is an actual command. If we have conversations I can choose what to answer or not." Will looks at Hannibal's shoes. What a strange one this is, he muses.

"Good I would like to start there as I decide what I want."

Will shrugs his shoulders.

Will gets up to wonder around the room. It feels good to stretch his limbs and see something besides the dark.

"Why do you wear handcuffs, Will?"

Will stiffness as his fingers trace along spines in the library. "It keeps me bound to the box and a symbol of my imprisonment. You were at the woods the other day. Is that how you know my name?"

Hannibal takes a sip of wine." Yes I was and yes that's how you know your name. How long have you been a dijion?"

Will shrugs as he moves to another shelf of books. "Don't know. Time has little meaning in this state."

"How did did you become a dijion?"

Will looks in Hannibal's direction. "That is a long story for another time I think."

"Do you eat or can you?"

Will pauses for a moment as he looks at a book he's pulled off the shelf."I have no need to but I can. Why?"

"I want to make you dinner."

Is this a wish?"

"No an invitation."

Will places the book back. He makes another circuit around the office as he considers. It's been a long time since he has been given a choice,let alone food. He misses food, whiskey and sex.

"That would be nice but I am afraid this all I have to wear." He smirks.

"Not a problem.I am more interested in your mind and your company."

Will laughs. "I would never thought you would be lonely. You like you have a wide social circle."

" I do but I don't like a lot of them."

" I can relate to that."

" so what is the best way for you to travel?"

Will goes to the tackle box. " i need to be near.the box. Most people just have me return until they are ready for me to serve."

"What happens if you are too far away."

" I am not sure exactly. I start to fade away. I've experienced the feeling once. I have no desire for another experience."

"Then how do I dismiss you?"

"Tap the box three times."

"Very well. Until dinner then." Hannibal tapes the box and Will turns to make going back into the box.Hannibal smiles life just got very interesting.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> No beta..suck at grammar and spelling. I.think I haven't slaughtered too many names. Yes I've done it in every piece i've written. I am sorry...No really I am....Yes you can believe me..sheesh

Hannibal sets the tackle box down on the floor beside the leather chair in the kitchen. He has decided something rustic would suit Will the dijnni. Will looks like a man who enjoyed steak and potatoes.Beef bourguingon would be a good start, Hannibal assembles the ingredients together. He picks out a fine red wine. He opens it and let's it breathe as he fetches two glasses.

Hannibal walks over to.the tackle box. He gently..lovingly rubs the box. The misty smoke curls out and Will stands there in the same clothes as before. Hannibal smiles at Will. He offers him a seat at he counter which Will politely takes.

"Would you like a glass of wine, as I start dinner?"

Will looks around the pristine ultra modern kitchen. He looks at Hannibal, nods his head with a quiet please.Hannibal pours him a glass. Hannibal swirls, smells and then saviors the taste of the wine.Will watches Hannibal's ritual. He looks at the glass of wine, he then picks it up, sniffs and then tastes the full bodied wine.

"I am afraid I wasn't much of a coinosouerr of wine when I was a mortal man." Will shrugs. "Have you decided on your wishes?"

"If you do not mind, I rather enjoyed our brief conversation from earlier. I also have a few more questions. May we talk as I prepare dinner?" Hannibal asks as he begins sauting the beef.

Will nods his head and gestures with his hand. "Ask away Master I exist to serve." He grimaces into his wine glass.

"You said that after three, wishes must be paid in blood or a gift, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"For an illustrative example, what blood price has Jack paid or gift has he given?"

Will puts his hand up to his mouth hiding an amused smile but Hannibal can see the glint of amusement in Will's beautiful eyes.

"Well,I am not sure if I should share such information. I keep my Master's secrect when I am with them. But..." Will shrugs" I guess there is no confidentiality rule, when they are no longer my Master."

Will clears his throat and takes another drink of wine. "Well.. Jack fist wishes went to capturing the Minnesota shrike, the Mushroom farmer killer and the Angel Maker. Then the Chesapeake Ripper strikes again. He asks for the identity of the serial killer. I told him I would need blood or gift. He asks how much blood. I said I needed a life. This is a very big wish. The more important the wish to the Master, the more I can demand. He asks about gift. I said I wanted someone to take my place, still a life but the person would remain alive."

Hannibal starts combining ingredients into the pot for final baking. "Why could he not wish for your freedom?"

"See that's folk lore, movie entertainment storytelling. The truth of the matter is I have to have someone take my place, willingly. See very difficult to do."

"Could you lie to Jack, that the person did not have to be willing to do this or the imprisonment would be temporarily?" Hannibal adds the herbs tied together at the top of the meal, then the lid to the Dutch oven.

Will softly laughs as he gentle swirls the wine in his glass. His focus seems to be soft and intense on the vino. " I can't lie to my Master, blatantly. I can lie by omission, I can decieve by choosing my words to be very vague, the intent not very clear, and I canbe commanded to lie for my Master. Once commanded to tell the truth to my Master, I can't resist. Believe me I have tried not to but I am compelled to tell the truth." Will takes another sip of wine.

Hannibal sets the Dutch oven into his convection oven, setting the timer. He takes our some fruit, cheese and crackers. He arranges these on the plate. Will watches intently. Hannibal looks up at Will. "So what did he give you and what did you do for him?"

Hannibal gestures to the plate for Will to get some of the food. Will picks up a piece of cheese and cracker. He takes a bite and relishes the taste. He quietly moans his approval. Hannibal is very pleased.

"Jack told me I could to start draining away the precious life from him bit by bit. He wanted it to look like illness, so the money would go to his family from FBI. "

"But Bella, Jack's wife, is dying from cancer." Hannibal interrupts.

Will smiles widely. "She is. It's all in the wording of the wish. He didn't say that the precious life was his. Bella' s life is more precious to him than his own. So every time Jack makes a blood wish, Bella grows closer to death. I was hoping he would give up this habit of turning to me but even Bella' s failing health has not stopped him."

Hannibal looks at Will with new awe. How very clever he is and how very dark. The creature becomes more fascinating. Hannibal will have to be extremely careful with his wishes.

"The great price for your insight. Do you use magic for insight?" Hannibal asks

"No. I use the skills.I had as a mortal man. I was teacher at Quantico. I taught profiling and criminal behavior there. I would go out into the field as a special agent. I use my imagination and empathy to get into the mind of a killer. To predict and understand their motives, actions etc." Will looks away, he seems to be embarrassed by this admission.

"I.am sure it was difficult for you."

"It was ..still is to some extent." Will picks up some fruit. Looking out the French doors to the dark night.

"So what gifts are acceptable for wishes?" Hannibal asks curiously.

"It depends on the wish and the Master. If you have to ask, you do not know the value of your own wish. You are suppose to offer something. Then if acceptable the wish is granted if not...Well as the saying goes, if have to ask you can't afford it."Will smirks to himself.

"Are all dijnni this hard to please?" Hannibal leans across the counter closer to Will.

Will gets up scratches his beard as he wonders over to the oven. He takes a deep breath.He closes his eyes enjoying the aroma. He finally speaks. "I haven't met any others but I feel that I am unique. I use my head more than my magic."

Hannibal walks toward Will. "You like mind games?"

Will shrugs, "it passes the time. Some Masters are so tedious, that I need a little stimulation."

"Would you like to go to the living room? It will take a few hours for dinner to cook. Do we need the tackle box?"

" No that is unnecessary. The box is in the same area and you are here to ground me. I won't fade away."

Hannibal nods and walks down the hall. Will follows his handcuffs jangle.Hannibal finds the noise grats on his nerves. He motions for Will to take a sit in a leather chair by a fire place. Will sits down relaxing back into the buttery leather.Hannibal sits down.

"Did you know Jack beforehand?" Asks Hannibal looking with interest at the strange dijnni.

"Nope. He found my box after buying my property for a vacation home." Will answers mesmorize by the fire. " I am going to miss that place." Will feels sad. It was one of the few places he felt normal.

Will looks at Hannibal. "May we speak of something else for awhile? Frankly I am tired of Jack."

Hannibal smiles "of coarse, you must be tired of him."

Will does a curt nod. "I wanted to say thank you for the food and drinks.I haven't had creature comforts for a long time."

Hannibal smiles " I am man who appreciates the finer things. I also like sharing those things with my friends.would you like to sleep in a bed tonight?"

Will smirks "will I be in my own or yours Master?"

Hannibal raises his eyebrows. He looks a little bemused. " I had planned on the guest room unless you are offering?"

Will laughs, "nope Master I am not. There may come a time when I offer things without a price but today....not today."

"I understand."

" I have thought of a wish." He looks at Will.

Will bows to him. "What is your desire Master?"

"First a question, can the style of your handcuffs be changed?"

"Hmmmmm...Yes..I guess so."

Hannibal clears his throat before he begins. He wants to be clear, concise in his words. " Dijnni, my wish is that you handcuffs change to silver bands, that there is no scruff on your face, and your hair is trimmed neat but still long enough for your curls to remain, permanently."

Will look at Hannibal with annoyance, " Are you sure that's all Master? Do you want me taller, shorter, more.muscle tone..bigger dick maybe?" Sarcasm drips off his words.

Hannibal's lips barley turn up at the corners. " since I have not seen you body or penis, maybe I should command you to strip."

"You're not serious are you?"Will crosses his arms over his chest defensively.

"Fear makes you rude. So I gave you a rude reply. It seems you do nor approve of my wish, William."

Will ducks his head looking at his shoes. "No I don't but it is not my wish..I apologize Master for questioning your desire and for being rude."

"I accept your apology. Now please do as I asked."

Will shimmers before Hannibal. When Will comes back into focus. The scruff is gone making Will look like he is ten years younger. His blue eyes seem larger ,more forlorn more endearing. His hair is neatly trimmed with all curls softly brushed away from his face. The handcuffs are gone with thick sliver bands.

Hannibal looks very pleased. Will sits down facing the fire place. He chews his thumb nail.

"You aren't happy to be rid of the handcuffs?" Hannibal asks knowing full well what is bothering Will.

Will looks at Hannibal through his glasses. "You know that is not the case."

Hannibal chuckles. "I am glad I am entertaining." Will retorts prickly.

"I am correct in assuming you've always been without social skills? A prickly personality to keep people away?"

"As a matter of fact. Yes...Yes I've always been an asshole of some note.Are you going to wish away my personality? My identity has been stripped away once I became a dijnni."Will grits out.

"No..I like your personality. The foul language, I can do without. If you don't control your language or rudeness, I'll be forced to command you to therapy with me."Hannibal looks seriously at Will. He can't wait to see what reaction that gets.

Will's eyes widen and his mouth sets in a line. He looks into the fire trying his best to control his mouth and temper. He squeezes his eyes closed. He counts in his head.

"Yes Master. I will do better in the future." Will finally says with a surprising level voice.

Hannibal smile broadly. "Good. I do believe dinner is ready."

Chapter 3

Once dinner and desert are finished,Hannibal shows Will to a guest room.

"The shower is in there. Would like something to sleep in?" Hannibal offers

Will looks at the huge bathroom with interest. "Yes, please. With the arm bands, I can change into other clothing. Don't look so smug Master. It is unbecoming to a host."

Hannibal preens over Will's admission over the benefit of his physical changes. Hannibal knew it would be easier to dress Will how he wanted without using another wish. He goes and pulls out some flannel pants and a t shirt.

"This should do for now.We can obtain more clothing that will fit you better later." Hannibal lays the garmets on the bed.

"Am I staying out here for a fair amount of time."Will asks nonchantly as he picks up the flannel pants. He rubs the fabric between his fingers.

"Yes. I think so, unless there is some reason you can't"

"No reason. It has just been a long time since I've been out for any length of time. Could I request something?" Will hesitantly looks at Hannibal.

"You may." Hannibal is curious about the request.

"Would you take me some where there is a stream? Some where I could fly fish? It was a hobby I really enjoyed." Will holds his breath. He feels nervous, becuase he has never ask for anything from a master. Will hopes that since Hannibal is an unusual master,he may grant him this.

Hannibal's corners turn up, his eyes twinkle. " I will take you some where but what can you pay me?"

Will looks a little confused for just a moment. He starts to chuckle nodding his head in understanding. "What would you like?"

"Do you not know the value of your request?"

Will clicks his tongue "You know it's not wise to provoke a being with cosmic power. Even in jest."

Hannibal laughs and holds his hand up in a mock surrender. The he tilts his head as thinks.

"Suppose I can't ask for unlimited wishes could I?" Will shakes his head no. " Then I request one more free wish to use at my desecration."

Will looks calculating at Hannibal. "One free wish for one fishing trip but the trip needs to be within the month. I get to pick the location."

Hannibal cocks his eyebrow. He loves to barter.He does it all the time at the farmers market."hmmmm..I'll agree to choosing the location if i can pick your clothing for the next few weeks. You of course will choose the day of the trip." Hannibal clasps his hands in front of him.

Will rocks up and down on the balls of his feet. He contemplates the agreement. Such a strange master, this one. Will knows Hannibal is manipulative and intelligent.He wonders why Hannibal is so vested in letting Will enjoy his time with him.

Will waits one more moment. "Deal"

Hannibal's smile broadens. "Then I will leave you to rest. Goodnight Will."

"Goodnight Master."

The next morning Will awakens to the sound of voices. He distinctly hears Jack's booming voice. 'Well things just for interesting didn't they ',he muses. Will opens the door and smells heaven other wise known as breakfast. He walks slowly down the stairs toward the kitchen.

Jack's back it turned to Will. Hannibal is cutting something at the counter.

"I know it's here Hannibal! Where is my tackle box?!"

"Why do you need an old tackle box? Buy a new one."

"You know why or you wouldn't have taken it. I know you did. Look Hannibal, I need him. Will saves lives. The Ripper has murdered again. I need him to look."

Will walks around Jack. Jack looks startled to see Will out and about.

"How's Bella doing?" Will asks as he grabs a piece of toast taking a bite. Hannibal lifts his eyes to Jack waiting for his reaction to the barb. Seems William maybe a tad sadistic.

"You son of a bitch! You know exactly how she is doing!" Jack snarls.

"Yes I do. It was your wishes that has put her there. You need to remember that before you take it out on me." Will glares back at Jack.

"What are you doing out anyway?" Jack retorts

Will looks at Hannibal. "My master wants me out, so I am out. Thanks for the bed by the way. It is quit comfortable." Will takes the glass of juice from Hannibal taking a sip.

"I didn't authorize you to be out!" Booms Jack.

"Your not my Master anymore Jack. Whoever has the box has me." Will smirks

Jack takes a threatening step in Hannibal's direction. Suddenly Jack is thrown up against the front door. Will walks toward the front door. Hannibal follows he sees Jack struggling against an invisible force. Will stands in front of Jack.

"I wouldn't do that again Jack. It won't be good for your health. There is nothing you can do about this, so I think you should go."

Jack yells as he slides through the solid door.

"Is he injured,going through solid wood like that?" Hannibal asks

"No it just hurts a lot."

"Do all dijnni defend their masters?"

Will sighs heading back to the kitchen. Hannibal follows watching as Will pours himself some coffee. "Technically no. We are suppose to be commanded. Jack is such a bully. I hate bullies. This one was a freebie." Will takes a sip of coffee. He hums in appreciation.

" I know my secound wish, William."

"Okay shoot Master."

" I want Jack to forget about you, as well as sell your property to me."

Will looks at Hannibal and smiles. "I like it. It is done Master. Jack will offer you the property in a couple of days."

"Good. Now have a seat. I thought you would like eggs and bacon."

Will is dressed in dark wool slacks and a blue button up. He is looking over the vast collection of books in Hannibal's office. Hannibal brought the tackle box so he and Will could converse between patients.

"William how many masters have you had?"

Will looks up from the book he is holding. " A gentleman never tells master. Are you disappointed you're not my first?"

"Not at all, dear William. I am just curious."

"All masters are. " Will laughs low. "They wanna know of they are the best. Are their wishes the biggest or the strangest. I feel like a prosatute. I used to lie and tell what they wanted to hear. Then I would lose my temper eventually, letting them know they were nothing unique or special."

"What would happen then."

"Nothing much really. I usually was sent back to the box. I wasn't summoned for years."

"Must have been lonely for you."

"Not really I have my imagination."

Hannibal swivels in his chair as he puts some files away. He stands up putting on his jacket. "I have a two hour break. I thought we would have lunch in the park."

"Really?!" Will looks like a kid being promised ice cream.

"Yes."

They walk to a nearby park. They sit on a bench underneath a tree. Hannibal pulls out some sandwiches. Will is enraptured by the nature. He has not stop smilling since they got there. His eyes have been watching everything. A lab rushes up to the bench sniffing and wagging his tail. Will goes down on one knee to pet the dog. His pleasure in that moment is palatable to Hannibal. He feels s fondness for the dijnni.

The owner rushes up. "Applesauce! I am so sorry. She got away from me."

Will looks up at the pretty brunette."Oh that's fine. She seems very friendly. I have dogs too. They can slip the lead once in awhile."

"How many do you have?"

Will smile turns sad. "Seven."

The woman looks a little shocked.

"I rescue strays."He says in the way of explanation.

" I didn't know you had a dog Alana" Hannibal says when a moment in the conversation lulls.

"Oh Hannibal! How rude of me. I didn't see you sitting there." Alana smiles at Hannibal. Her eyes narrow as she looks back and forth between Hannibal and Will.

"That's fine. This a friend of mine Will. Will this a colleague and friend Dr Alana Bloom."

"My last name is Graham" Will adds as he continues to pet applesauce. His focus is still on running his hands through the soft fur. Alana gives a questioning look. Hannibal just smiles. Alana nods.

"Nice to meet you. I am afraid we have to go. Hannibal call me and Will hope to see you again." Alana takes applesauce and walks down the path.

"Seven?"

"Yes. Seven."

"Really? Why?"

"Because I am such a gem to be around. A ray sunshine."

"Sacrasm is a defense mechanism. Why,please answer."

"Because dogs are simple. My dogs were very well trained. There was fur but I kept my home tidy. I felt it was worth it. They have no expectations of conversations, socialization...they aren't easily disappointed. My empathy makes relationships hard" Will sighs looking at his feet.

"What happened to them?" Hannibal watches Will's reaction.

Emotions skirt across his face. Sorrow rings the strongest. Will shrugs his shoulders. "I hope someone took them in. But I say they went to the pound. I let them down."

"How?"

"I abandoned them when I became a dijnni."

Hannibal strikes. He has been waiting impatiently to find out how this came about. "How did it happen? We have time."

"Is this a therapy session Dr Lecter?" Will looks at Hannibal as though he is expecting the worest

"No Will. Merly a conversation. That's how relationships are formed."

"Yes I am aware of that. So quid pro quo?"

"Yes. If you wish. You first." Hannibal looks satisfied.

"Well I was kinda tricked." Will gives a shake of his head, a self deprecating laugh. " I was walking in the woods near the house with the dogs. Winston, one of the dogs, found something. I went over to look and it was a rifle half buried in the dirt and leaves. When I picked it up I rubbed it to get the dirt off. Then this young girl appeared. Her name was Abigail." Will looks off into the park, trying to find the memory.

"She gave the dijnni standard script. I felt how sad and lonely she was, I felt her.... her longings for family and friends. I felt obligated since I had rubbed the rifle. I felt paternal. Fucking empathy. Anyway, I asked her how I could help her, she told me she was tired of the solitude and dark. She wanted to go home."

Will sighs. "I was sick at the time and did not know. It was causing, nightmares and hallucinations. I felt unstable. I felt tormented by my job. The thought of solitude and the dark sounded great. I asked her if she had dreams or nightmares. She said no. All the mortal aches and pains..physical or mental are gone. So like a fool I wished to take her place." Will exhales regret and continues. " when I took her place I was better. I was given power and knowledge. I had encephalitis. I could had been treated. In my desperation I sacrificed everything."

"Was Abigail aware of your illness?"

"Yup."

There is a long pause, Hannibal speaks " Though it is regrettable how you became a dijnni. I am glad becuase we met."

"You sound sincere."

"I am, do you not believe me?"

"Believe may not be accurate. You are hard to read. Your very calm. I feel comfortable with you. That in itself is an oddity. Now I can ask my question?"

Hannibal gives a regal nod.Will leans forward his hands have dropped between his knees. He drops his head and then turns it to look at Hannibal.

"Okay. How long have you been killing and eating people?"

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Fluff...and fluff. Took some suggestions and put' an to good use.

Hannibal looks at the dijnni with coolnes which most people find uncomfortable. Will just looks at Hannibal expectantly.

"How did you know?"

"Cosmic power and knowledge,remember."

"I see. For more than twenty years." Hannibal answers stiffly. "I think it is time for us to return to the office."

Will nods then follows Hannibal back to the office.Once inside Hannibal, taps the box three times. Hannibal sees an angry grimace on Will's face before he dissipates.Hannibal is disturb that Will knows his secret. He has brief thought he may have to kill Will but then he remembers that he is the dijnni' s master. As long as he owns the box all his secrets are safe with Will. As Hannibal sits listening to his patients he begins to see that now he can share his life with someone. Someone who may understand him, to understand his mind and artistic enderver.Hannibal feels pleased with the realization.

When Hannibal arrives home with tackle box which in tow, he goes to the kitchen. He opens a bottle of wine and sets out the ingredients for the meal. Hannibal rubs the box and returns to the counter to cut some vegeables. Will appears with a predominate scowl on his face and arms crossed.

"Yes Master. Howe may I serve?" Will snarls eyes focused on the window.

"I take it you are angry with me William?"

"No, I am angry with me. I shouldn't have let myself hope but I did." Will turns his back to the counter. He leans against it. His head falls to his chest in resignation.

"What did you hope William?"

"Will.My name is Will. I hoped you were different from the others. But you are just a passive aggressive version. Give me freedom to move around and get to know you, but when I ask a simple question, it's back to the box. Fine... just ask for your wishes and leave the polite pleasentries for your fawning high society dollards you cook your people food for."

"Are you finished with your tantrum?"

"My tantrum?! Boy you are rich, aren't you? Then no I am not. Just forget about the fishing trip, I am not in the mod to be lured into a sense of....Oh never mind. Why am I even bothering. I am done now." Will says as he walks to stand by the tackle box expectantly.

"Into what William?"

"I decline to answer. If you would please send me back, unless you want to make a wish."Will taps his foot as he waits. He taps becuase he doesn't know what to do with all the.emotions he is feeling.

"I apologize for sending you back unexpectedly. I was not prepared for your insight or questions. I was caught off guard and acted without thinking."

Will shrugs his shoulders "okay. Anything else?"

Hannibal walks to the tackle box. He resists the urge to stroke Will's face.He instead taps the box.

In a few days, Jack offers Will's place to Hannibal for a good price. Hannibal accepts and they close within a week. Hannibal has left Will in his box to cool off. Within a few days after closing, Hannibal takes the tackle box with him to his new vacation home.Hannibal leaves the tackle box inside. He walks out and notices in Will's barn is old furniture and belongings. Jack had started repainting the interior. It looks like some upgrades and repairs were already done.

Hannibal had the water and electricity turned back on. Hannibal brought a change of clothing for Will. Something warm and durable, to go for a walk or look through the old barn.

Hannibal rubs the box and Will appears. Instead of a snotty greeting, Will is silent as he turns around looking at his former residency.

"Jack has done some work. It looks good." Will clears his throat hands on his hips.

"I have brought you some clothes to change into. I thought you might want to go for a walk or get your belongings out of the barn."

Will looks at Hannibal meeting his eyes for a.brief moment. "Thank you Master." Hannibal know there is a double acknowledgement in that statement.

"It's the least I could do after our last encounter. Here are the clothes. I'll wait out here for you." Hannibal says. He moves to the kitchen looking over the small area. He already has renovation plans in mind.

Will heads to the bathroom. He is not surprised to find the power on, he figures Hannibal would want all the comforts. He chuckles to himself, he is sure this house probably feels like camping out for the urbanite. Will pulls on the dark jeans, blue button up and soft gray cashmere sweater.Will looks at himself in the mirror. Damnit he looks young. He opens the medicine cabinet looks inside and finds nothing at all.

Will walks out into the living room and the ambles into the kitchen.Hannibal is looking put the kitchen window. "Already making plans?" Will asks with a small smile.

"Yes. I have several. Your coat is hanging at the door. What would you like to do first, a.walk or the barn?"

"I think the barn."

"After you." Hannibal says motioning toward the door.

Will grabs his coat and heads lout the kitchen door. Hannibal follows. Will opens the small barn he had used for a workshop, garage and storage. There are pieces of furniture, boxs and tools. Will picks his way through locating his fishing supplies. A genuine smile crosses hos face as he pulls out poles, boxes of lures and lure making supplies.

"May I ask is this where Jack discovered your box?"

Will looks at Hannibal and does a curt nod. He still continues his treasure hunt. He stops every one in a while so often to expresses a happy hum when he finds something particularly dear to him. Hannibal looks through some boxes and finds a photo album. Hannibal looks to see if Will is still content rumaging. When Hannibal is satisfied the dijnni is occupied he turns back to the album.

Hannibal opens the album and finds several black and white photos of individuals, couples and families. He looks further and finds a picture of Will in a striped t shirt and shorts standing with a fish and a huge smile. There are several pictures of a teenage Will studying or fishing. There is a picture of Will in his graduation gown and then one of Will in policeman' s uniform. Hannibal look at the date on the back reads nineteen seventy eight.

Will catches Hanibal by surprise when he speaks behind him. "I see you found my album."

"I did."

Will takes an edge of the photo album. He wrinkles his nose. " did I really look like that? The seventies was rough on male fashion." He looks at Hannibal's smirk "I know what fashion is..I just don't give a crap about it. Besides flannel is always in style"

Hannibal laughs. Will smiles big, "okay..maybe in Alaska...on a cold day..anyway.."

"What year did you become a dijnni Will?"

"Hmmmm...it was around nineteen eighty nine. But as I said time has no meaning. Besides several Masters have changed my appearance to fit their taste or fashion ideas." Will rolls his eyes.

"Would you like to still go on the fishing trip?"

Will sighs and ducks his head. "Yes" he looks at Hannibal as though he hates to admit it.

"Good I still wan to yak You.bring your fishing gear to the house. Do you want your furniture return to the house?"

Will shakes his head "no. I either found beside the road or came with the house. "

The look that crossed Hannibal's s face was priceless.Will barks put a.laugh as he gathers up.hos fishing gear. He walks out the barn. Hannibal shivers with disgust. He decides to have a bonfire with the remenates of Will's life.

Hannibal finds Will squatting outside a kennel. He is holding an old leather collar in his hands. Hannibal walks up slowly. He sees some tears linger on Will's long lashes before he rubs them.away.Will feels so deeply and so much. Hannibal wants to provoke feelings just to watch and taste the results.

Will sniffs as he stands he still clutches the collar. He then shoves the collar in hos jacket. Hannibal walks beside him an places a hand on hos shoulder. Will flinches but doesn't draw away from the touch. Hannibal feels a little flutter of pleasure.

Will clears his throat. " i am usually not this emotional. Really. But I really missed my dogs. They were company and comfort when I had none."

"Why have you never conjured you one?"

"Becuase I can't use my magic for myself except like protecting myself or my Master or if given a command to. I am tied to my Master. I am dependent on them. The relationship is suppose to be symbiotic but it never is. Well at least not in my experience."Will turns toward Hannibal," where to Master."

 "I do have a couple more errands to run. I would rather not leave in you in the car or the box. Can you keep your identity discreet?"

"As long no wishes are made, I can Master"

"Do not call me Master, call me Hannibal."

"Okay..Hannibal. " they walk toward the house for Hannibal to lock up. "Are you required to call everyone Master?"

Will chuckles"No. I do it so I don't call one Master by another Masters name. It's like calling your current girlfriend by your ex's name. It becomes awkward and uncomfortable."

Hannibal chuckles "I can see why that would be an issue."

Hannibal goes into the house while, Will goes to the car. Hannibal shuts off lights and locks the doors. When he comes out, they stow Will's gear in the trunk and head out. They drive to a small condo outside Baltimore. When they park, Hannibal turns toward Will. "We are at Dr Bloom' s home and her friend Beverly is here. Our cover store is that we are dating. Can you handle that?"

Will blushes "I may not have come from an understanding time but I was not a homophobic by any means. I can keep our cover. Why can't I be a patient?"

Hannibal looks at Will. A look of understanding comes over Will's face. "Gotta cha."

Hannibal and Will walk up to one of the cookie cutter doors and ring the door bell. Alana opens the door with a huge smile.on her face. She is in a tunic and leggings.

"Come in....Come in.."

They come into a well lite hall. They hang up their coats while exchanging pleasantries." We've been waiting for you. Come on out to the sun room."

When Will and Hannibal entered the sun room, there is a pretty Asain woman holding a lab puppy with three more rolling around on the floor with Applesauce. Will's face lites up like the sun had come out. He looks at Alana "May I?"

" Yes please! Hannibal said you were taking one today. We love them but we can't keep them all. No matter what great reasons Bev comes up with."

Beverly shrugs and smiles saying "you can't blame a girl for trying."

Will looks at Hannibal as he picks up one of the puppies cuddling him to his chest. "Are you sure? You aren't a pet person Hannibal."

Alana puts her hand on Hannibal's arm, she says "I think you may have made him into a pet person." She winks at Will. Will's ears goes pink.

Hannibal interjects " this your pet, not mine William."

"Oooooooo...somebody got it bad, Doc." Beverly laughs as she winks at Will who' s whole face is red as well as his chest now.

Hannibal turns to Alana and Beverly " could I have some wine?" Both women laugh. Alana and Beverly heads to the kitchen. Will is thankful everyone has left him. He breaths a sigh of relief as he plays on the floor with the pups. They are all so wonderful. He can't fathom why Hannibal is doing this. Well that's inaccurate, he suspects, he wonders if he is right.

Hannibal follows them into the kitchen. The women pull out wine and glasses. Hannibal opens the wine to let it breath.

Hannibal looks to find the women are looking at him. Alana waves her hand like give it up.Hannibal says "What do you want to know."

Beverly nearly yells "like everything!"

"Where did you meet him.He seems so..."Alana tries to find the right word.

"Not your type."

Alana shoots Beverly I can't believe you said that look.

"What?! it's true. That's what you said."

"Beverly!"

"What is my type Alana?" Hannibal asks as he pours the wine

Alana giggles and grabs a glass. She looks to make sure Will is not there yet. " You type seems to be sophisticated, wealthy, worldly...like yourself."

"What is William like?"

"He seems great Hannibal. He seems introverted, sweet, intelligent and.."

"Hot! Dayham, Hannibal he looks twenty." Beverly adds with a wicked gleam in her eye.

"Have my partners been so homely, Alana?

"No Hannibal" she shoots Beverly a death look, that gets her a smirk" he's like a .."

"A lumberjack with an angel' s face and a strippers ass!" Beverly says

Alana playfully slaps Beverly. Then she giggles saying "yeah..she's on point about that."

" I'm not twenty. I am thirty. I just look young and thanks, I walk a lot. It helps keep my ass looking like a stripper' s. I hope.You mean male stripper." Will says as he stands there with a small sleepy black lab.

Alana looks mortified, Beverly laughs. " I like him!"

Hannibal.just looks pleased.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Bit o smut. All mistakes mine.

"Well that's certainly interesting.." coughs Alana

"Are you referring to.walking or my ass?" Will asks while stroking the soft puppies ears.

"William" Hannibal murmurs a warning in his voice.

"So how did you two meet?" Beverly chirps in.

"How did we meet Hannibal?" Will tilts his head looking at Hannibal's tie.

"We met when Jack Crawford sold this little vacation house to me. After renovations I was going to rent the home. Will had, apparently, been admiring the property for quite sometime."

" Hannibal asks me over for dinner. Then things are developing." Will jumps in smiling.

"Are y'all shacking up?" Beverly asks after she has drunk some more win.

"Beverly! Please excuse my friend, she sometime forgets herself. Would you like some lunch?" Alana says as her cheeks flush red.

After lunch, Hannibal asks Alana if they can leave the puppy, now named Ash, with them so Hannibal could make preparations for the puppy. After farewells, the duo leaves for Hannibal's final errand.

They arrive at a small shop with a manquien in the window. Will assumes it is where his Master gets his suits. They enter the shop, Hannibal greets the Italian taylor. They speak in Italian before the taylor takes Will to stand on a small platform. Will looks at Hannibal with questioning look.

"You need a couple new suits and a tuxedo for some things I hope you'll attend." Hannibal says watching the taylor brake measurements of Will.

"You know I can get these on my own." Will tries to stand still for the taylor looking at Hannibal in the mirror.

"I am aware of that but I want to invite you. Save your gift for another day." Hannibal smiles at Will.

Will freezes, his reflection is cold expression. His eyes have drift to another person in the mirror.Hannibal turns around and see who is behind him.

"Hello Dr Chilton." Will says

"You might want to be careful what you ask of Will, Dr Lecter. He can be rather... tricky." Chilton says leaning on his silver tipped cane. He is dressed in a navy suit. He looks as polished as ever.

The taylor says something to Hannibal disappearing to the back. Will turns to face Cilton. Will walks casually by Fredrick, brushing Chilton' s shoulder. Will goes to rack where some pants are hanging and starts pushing through them.

Hannibal watches the exchange. His eyes darking with arousal to the subtle hint of violence in their exchange.

"So how you are doing on a a nonprotein diet, Frederick?" Will asks with his back to Chilton and Hannibal.

"A blood wish. I though you lost your kidney becuase of Gideon." Hannibal smirks as he turns observing Chilton.

"I did!"snaps Chilton " did he tell you he can takes his blood tribute painfully? Did he tell you he doesn't even tell you when he'll take it? Probally not. He lies!"

" I can lie by omission, I explained that to you Chilton." Will murmurs as he pulls a pair of pants out looking at them. "You however heard what you wanted, like most people. I also told you the price was too high to pay for what you wanted." Will walks past Chitlon to small dressing room.

Chilton' s face is flushed with anger and embarrassment.

"Dr Lecter could you assist me with something?" Will says as he hold the curtain back.

"Yes." Hannibal looks perplexed when he goes through the curtain. Will closes the curtain leaving a crack big enough Chilton can see through.

Will whispers into Hannibal's ear "indulge me". Hannibal nods his head wondering what Will is up to.

Will kisses Hannibal on the lips softly. He pushes Hannibal back to the wall. Hannibal pulls Will closer taking control of the kiss with more tongue and teeth. Will's hands undo Hannibal's s belt and then unzip his pants. Hannibal eyes open wide as Will kisses Hannibal down his chest and stomach. He sinks to his knees. His blue eyes turn up, looking at Hannibal briefly as he pulls out Hannibal's cock. Hannibal groans as Will licks his tip and then runs his teeth down the under side of his shaft. Will mouth comes back as he takes Hannibal into his mouth. Hannibal twists his hands in Will's hair.

Hannibal eyes look at Chilton who is watching through the hole in the curtain. Chilton' s face is flushed with desire. His irises are barley visible with lust as he palms his own erection. When Chilton makes eye contact with Hannibal, he swallows. Hannibal smirks becuase he guesses what Chilton gave his kidney for.

Will takes Hannibal deeper and humming in pleasure. It takes all of Hannibal's control not to cry out as his hips start to shift back and forth. Will is amazing. He knows everything Hannibal enjoys and gives it to him freely. As Hannibal nears his completion, he holds Will's head to keep them there.Will drinks down all of Hannibal's cum. Will tucks Hannibal back into his underwear as Hannibal zips up and belts his buckle.

Chilton left as soon as Hannibal closed his eyes.Will gets up smiling at the curtain.

"Thanks for indulging me. Chilton could be such a tyrannical master. Don't worry the taylor didn't hear or see a thing."

Hannibal nods as he straightens himself up. He looks at Will and smiles.

"I think that may have been worth the price of kidney."

Will laughs out loud. He looks at Hannibal as he says " Chilton wasn't my Master for long. After the blood wish is when I think he put my box at the house. I am not sure why he lusted for me, the price too much." Will shrugs his shoulders.

"Really William? You do not see yourself clearly." Hannibal wonders what has happened in his life to make the djinn feel that way.

Hannibal and Will walk out of the dressing room as the taylor walks out of the back. He holds bolts of cloth speaking to Hannibal as he lays them on a table.Hannibal converses with the taylor selecting fabrics. Will walks to the front of the store. He contemplates Hannibal.

Hannibal was the most careful of all his masters. Of course the man is a serial killer. Someone Will would have pursued when he was mortal. Will usually can predict or feel what the wishes will be but not this time.He shoves his hands into his pocket, a small twinge of regret for free fellactio in the dressing room. That act was usually a wish. Something Will uses for leverage against a master.

The presence of Chilton made him bristle and want revenge. All the talking, probing, and experiments that man plagued him with, makes Will want to growl. The worest part was all the sexual innuendos and "accidental" touches. Will couldn't see Chilton' s desire, lust jealousy, humiliation and embrassment but he did feel it. Will smiles at the memory of those feelings.

Chapter 6

Before Hannibal asks William to the opera, he makes good on his promise of the fishing trip.As agreed on before, Hannibal bought Will a quality flannel shirt in blue and lined jeans. He buys him silk thermals and a fishing hat with a vest.

Will puts on his new outfit as well as his new work boots. Maybe being a kept man would have been a pleasurable experience after all. When the dijin was a young mortal man,he had many offers for such an agreement. He heard that particular promise whispered by older men,when he did his time in vice as a honey trap. The older cops loved giving Will this assignment as a male prostitute. It amused them to fuck with the boyish face rookie.

Hannibal is waiting downstairs for Will. Will has chosen the stream near his home or actually Hannibal's vacation home, for their outing. Hannibal has a couple of surprises for waiting for Will there. The former decetive chats the whole hour drive. He informs Hannibal about technique, the best lures and the biggest fish he has caught.He is burgeoning with excitement and the serial killer is amused.

When they arrive at the house, Will notices a fresh coat of paint on the outside. Inside he finds the puppy Ash waiting. The puppy yipes as he runs around Will's legs until the man bends to give the demanded attention. Will finds new poles as well other sunderous fishing supplies. He tentatively touches the poles with a shiver of pleasure.

Will looks around the house taking in all the restoration and updates Hannibal has done in the little farm house. It has full modern kitchen with the finest equipment. There are leather chairs in deep cognac. The fireplace has a new chimney and a stone face now.the colors are still soothing blues and greens. As Will walks to the book case he reverently skims a finger, over the spines of long ago, nearly forgotten friends. He smiles when his fingers touch the porcelain dog figurines.

The dijin turns toward Hannibal, he runs the back his hand over his eyes. He gives a small laugh before he gives a heart felt thank you. Hannibal reminds him this was per their agreement. Will tells him he has gone beyond their agreement with the house. Even though he doesn't own his old homestead any more, the careful restoration is greatly appreciate. It stirs something in Will's heart.

He surprises himself, as well as Hannibal, when he takes the killer his arms for a quick embrace. Will's cheeks flush as he looks down at his feet.

"Sorry I don't know what came over me. I am not what anyone would call a hugger...I guess gratitude.."

"I suspect not many people have thought of you first when you were mortal..and now as a genie even less.it pleases me to do this for you. My motives aren't totally philanthropic."

Will shakes his head and turns to the fishing gear. He begins to pick up the items as he prepares to leave.He figures Hannibal would stay there to cook. His tackle box home is

located in the trunk of the Bentley. Hannibal heads to the kitchen reappearing with a picnic basket.

"Are you going? I thought you would stay here but if you want to go, I'd apppreaciate the company."

"Good...lead the way." The doctor motions toward the door.

The two men with puppy in tow, head out toward the woods. Will seems to become reflective as they walk in the relative quiet of the remote area.

"Is these woods where you found the gun?" Hannibal asks.

"Yes. On a day like today."

"I did some research on your Abigail Hobbs."

"Really? What did you find?"

"She and her mother were murdered by her father, Garrett Jacob Hobbs. He was a serial killer."

Will stops suddenly looking at the ground.He tries to process his thoughts and feelings about the news. He whistle calling Ash back to them. He starts walking again, as Hannibal walks a step behind him.

"Are you relieved she is dead?" The doctor is curious.

Will looks at Hannibal blinking in confusion."No I feel..terrible..guilit."

"Why? I figured you would be happy that she was dead...for tricking you."

"She did what she had to do to get home. If I hadn't found the gun or volunteered to take her place, she would be alive. I've spent too much time in killers' head. I don't like it there.No matter how much someone seems to deserve that kind of justice doesn't make it right. I've always been an advocate for those society deems as outcasts..the underdogs. Abigail was a scared teenager with no one to help her."

"After all you have witnessed of humanity, you still have a naivete about people. People are usually self serving. Society does nothing to quash those people who harm others,unless forced to. Sometimes society will not punish those who deserve it most."

"You are speaking of revenge not justice, Master. Revenge is never really sated no matter how many are punished.Is that why you kill? You started young, did you fail to protect someone?"

"Why don't you use magic to find out? Surely you would be able to know. Besides, I do a service for society by eliminating those who not deserve life."

" I use my empathy on my Masters. Using magic is not always what people think it is. It's not a warm bath but a shallow cold lake you find yourself thrown into. I believe if you looked into a magical mirror when you kill you would see a little boy. One who will never be satisfied, no matter how many tantrums he pulls. You indulge him way to often." Will looks through the trees and points, informing Hannibal that have reached their destination.

Hannibal is oddly not offended by Will's analogy. The empath' s insights are so often on.point and challenging. It makes the doctor revisit old ideologies with a fresh prospective.

As Will and Hannibal emerge from the forest to the wide stream's shore, they see lush green foliage. The stream has a gentle current that turns into forceable rapids further down. It is Will Graham's idea of a haven to quiet the mind.Will beams and looks at Hannibal.

"If I am lucky, I can cook some fish for you today."

The doctor cocks an eyebrow at the dijion in doubt. "I can cook a mean fish." He grins at his Master skepticism.

Will walks down to the bank and starts putting on his new waders. He wades into the thigh high water and ties a lure on his line. He casts the line in the water flicking the lure back like a metronome.Hannibal has spread out a blanket pulling some items out of the basket. The puppy sniffs around the basket then wonders around the area.

"What are you going to do while I fish?"

"I thought I would sketch and converse with you. Unless that will scare the fish?"

"The drawing or talking?"

"Talking"

Will chuckles focusing on the stream. His master is so serious and intense. Of course he muses he was too as a mortal. When you have stretches of unlimited time before you, a new perspective is gained. Maslow' s hierarchy of needs really changes drastically for you. He wonders what other wishes this complex man will ask for next.

"Have you decided what you next wishes will be yet? You know after you make them, I am still here. You have been exceeding clever getting what you want without actually wishing. Is that part of the fun for you? "

" I do love a challenge." Hannibal smirks as he sketches Will fishing.

"I have a question. What will happen if someone would takes your place?" His glance is spectulative as he stares into the distance.

"I am not sure." Will furrows his brows still focusing on his movements." I would be mortal for sure, other than that.." He shrugs as his words trail off.

"Do you think you would have your memories of your time as a dijin?"

"Hmmm..never thought about...maybe.."

Hannibal watches the bird of happiness perch on Will's shoulder. He wonders if Will would remember their time together. Hannibal enjoys this open honest relationship. Something he has not had since his sister. It would be a shame to lose this friendship.Suddenly Will's line is tuant.

Will starts pulling and reeling as he fights to bring in the fish. He smiles as he bites his lip in anticipation.Hannibal is watching the empath' s face with pleasure. He would like to see that anticipation underneath him.

Will's feet start to slide as the fish pulls on the line. His footing slips even more as he pulls the pole backwards. The empath is starting to slide down the stream. He is still pulling and reeling as he is dragged along toward the bigger rapids.

Hannibal walks down the bank following the battle. Ash is barking at Will. Hannibal is not sure if it is concern or encourement to his master. Will goes under the water at the rapids. He loses his bucket hat but keeps his arms and pole above water. Hannibal loses sight of the dijin until he sees him bending at the water's edge holding a huge fish with two fingers hooked into the gills. He laughs as he shakes his drenched curls. Will's blue eyes gleam from the fight and his victory. Ash jumps up trying see the wriggling fish.

Hannibal smiles back in admiration. He decides he will not let the man go, even he has to keep him as a dijion.

Chapter 7

Within a few days of the fishing trip Hannibal invites WIll to the opera. The djinn accepts just as the older man had hoped. Hannibal was helping Will with the cufflinks for his tuxedo when his phone rang. He gives a questioning look he as the walks out of the room to answer the call. Will looks at himself in the full length mirror he has to admit he is pleased with what he sees. The hand tailored midnight blue tuxedo looks good. He is glad his master had relented on the bow tie. Will is wearing a scarf instead. Since he has to wear bands to show his enslavement, Will detest anything around his throat.

Hannibal enters the room wearing the classic tuxedo with a bow tie of course. It suits the older man. His master has gim look on his face.

"Something wrong?"

"I've had a patient emergency I must attend to, I think I will be back in time to pick you up. I would take you but you understand."

"Of course, not a problem. I'll read or something." Will says giving one of his small smiles.

Hannibal leaves within a few minutes tuxedo still on as he drives to the hospital. WIll walks downstairs going into the study. He selects a book then pours himself a tumbler of whiskey. Hannibal does have a fine selection of spirits that he allows Will to indulge in when he wants a drink. Hannibal lets Will do many things on his own. The djinn appreciates having the freedom he had as a moral man or at least the closet the has had in what feels like eons.

Will sits down when he hears something in the kitchen. He thinks Ash may have gotten out of the garage sneaking into the house. The dog should have been named Houdini considering all the impossible escapes he has achieved. The puppy gets out of collars, fences and closed rooms. It frustrates Hannibal to no end while amusing Will. Except for the escaping, Ash has responded to some training.

"Ash?! Here boy." Will whistles. Then he hears steps softly stop at the door. Hair stands up on his arms. Will starts to gather his power to defend his home. When he gets up and stands his sees a man standing at the door jam. A younger mortal man with short brown hair and green eyes. He is dressed all in black and has a small mischievous smile.

"You know if you come back later. We'll be gone and you can the rob place at your leisure." Will states holding the book in both hands. He is waiting for the thief to make a move before he decides how much magic to use.

"But I have what I came for." The thief has a twinkle in his eye as he holds up Will's tackle box. Will freezes. He can't use his magic against someone that holds his vessel.

"Why would you want an old tackle box?" Will asks as his eyes never leave the box. He is holding his breath. Will has a feeling of dread come over him as a feeling comprehension comes over the mortal.

"I think you know why. Because of the treasure within and I think I'm looking at it. let's see, shall we?" the thief lays his hand on top of the box. He is looking intently at the bands on Will's wrist. How the man's eyes never leave the box. He is more tense about the thief holding the box then about him trespassing.

Will throws out his hand. "Wait! Please don't do this. I can give what ever riches you want. Just wish for it. Then leave me here." the djinn says. It's been a long time since Will has try to bargain with a mortal, which makes his stomach flip flop. He knew he likes Hannibal but not this much. It could be the intuitive feeling, he may get Hannibal to help release him. Will suspects it's more than that. He doesn't want to feel anything like that right now. He sounds desperate enough.

The thief acts like he is considering the offer but Will knows he is not. Doesn't take magic for him to know that." No. I want you, the real treasure within." the man taps the box three times. Will dissipates into smoke and then there is the nothing left but the void.

Hannibal returns a half an hour later. He is irritated, the whole thing was a big mistake. It doesn't matter because there is still time to make the opera. He walks into the house calling for Will. He finds Ash sleeping in the study on the chair Will prefers. There is a tumbler knocked into the floor with whiskey everywhere. A book Will has been reading in on the floor with some the pages soaked from the whiskey. Hannibal feels a sense of urgency easing into his system. This is unlike William to have careless disregard for another's things.

Hannibal picks up Ash, holding the puppy like a talisman as he walks through the house calling for the djinn. Nothing to show where Will has gone. Hannibal looks for Will's tackle box and finds it missing. Nothing else is gone. Fury bleeds into Hannibal's voice as the says "Chilton."

Matthew Brown picks up some beers and supplies as he drives up to a cabin he has rented for the weekend. He feels pretty excited now that he has the tackle box. Chilton paid him good money to steal it but now Matthew has no intention of handing it over. Chilton thought Matthew is just an orderly with a questionable background and stupid as well. He was far from it, stupid that is. A real live fucking genie! Something out myths and dreams, no wonder that prick wanted it so bad.

After Matthew arrives at the cabin he makes a fire. He cooks dinner and light some lanterns. He settles out the linens and puts away other gear. The ex orderly finally brings out the tackle box. Chilton had told him that he would need to tap the box three times before leaving the house with it. Now he thinks maybe he can rub it to summon the genie out. Matthew caresses the box. Smoke appears, then becomes a man. the same man in the house but he looks different.

At the house the man was dressed in a tuxedo, his face clean shaven, his hair trimmed and styled neatly. The man that has appeared, has the same soulful blue eyes but the wears glasses. His hair is longer unruly curls are everywhere. The has the beginnings of a beard. He is wearing flannel and jeans with workboots. The genie is wearing a green army jacket and instead of bands, cuffs with a chain between his wrists.

Will swallows before the speaks. "Master, what is it that you wish from me." the bows siffly.

Matthew sits back in his chair looking at Will appraisingly. "Why do you look different?"

"Because that is how my last Master wanted me to look and he used his wishes for it. If I ever return to him, I will appear as I did in his presence. With a new Master, I go back to my original appearance. You get three wishes. After that all other wishes must be paid with blood or gift to be granted." Will says as his eyes look at the other's man chest. Will's face is set in a dour expression.

"What can I call you?"

"Anything you like but my name is Will." he says sighing. Will sways slightly and turns in a circle looking around. He at least like the seclusion of the location. Maybe this master will like to fish or hike.

"So you were Chilton's before this last guy,that right" Matthew leans forward placing a beer on the floor. "You can sit down if you want." he motions to a chair near the fireplace.

Will goes over and sits looking over at Matthew. He sees interest, curiosity, intelligence and that he is a killer. What was it about killers and him lately? He feels like a girl being courted by all the wrong boys.

"Yes he was but I've had several Masters before him as well."

"And now I am your Master."

"Yes, you are and you really like that don't you? It's not just the wishes is it?" asks Will looking at Matthew. He knows Hannibal is a killer but he is seasoned and controlled. This killer frightens Will. This killer wants to rend and tear apart. He enjoys the killing so much more than the why. Matthew looks with a slow reptilian blink at the djinn.

"Do you want me to call you Master or by your name."

The thief smiles, "My name is Matthew but you can call me Master. As you so aptly pointed out I like the sound of it. Especially the way it falls from your lips." he licks his lips as he looks at Will.

Will shivers he hopes he gets the opportunity to ask for a blood offering from him. He stops the thought cold. Matthew will have no problem killing for him. Will will have to ask something from him. Will wonders if Hannibal is looking for him yet. He hopes the older man is as possessive and jealous as he thinks. It would put a real damper in the situation if nobody tries to find him.

Chapter 8

Hannibal goes to his basement destroying the room in a moment of self indulgent rage. He hears Ash upstairs whining because of the noise as he searches for William. Hannibal could care less about the animal but he knows Will would disapprove of Ash being left alone.He can’t believe someone was able to steal him so easily. When Will returns home, his tackle box is going into a vault of some sort. Hannibal considers letting whomever robbed him keep Will. The dijinn is causing chaos in his life. But the lure of treating himself to some unfettered conversations, where he wasn’t stifled behind the mask, is too tempting to resist. It was wonderful to be understood. Even better was Will wasn't horrified by him. The younger man understood this is just how his nature is.Hannibal hasn’t felt this comfortable with anyone since Mischa. He looks around at the immense mess and decides he will clean tomorrow. Tonight the will look after Ash and make plans on getting Will back.

Will looks at Matthew and nods his head in understanding. He acutely feels the rise of fear in his chest. Something he has not felt since the was mortal. All his previous Masters look at him as a tool to be brought out when something needs fixing. Hannibal actually treated him like a person… a companion which was a nice change of pace. But this master, he looks at Will as something to be used for more than wishes.Something owned, something not seen as a human. Since Will is bound to his Master he can not use his powers against them which is coming to be very inconvenient as of late. The dijinn has some training in self defense but that has been years ago. Will hopes the can outwit Matthew in the end.

"Master is there anything you require of me before I return to my vessel for the night." It seems like his box will be the safest place for him.

Matthew smiles and pats the couch beside him. "I want you to keep me company. Would you like something to eat and drink?" Will would rather say no but his normal prickly demeanor will elicit an ugly response for his refusal. The dijinn sees his best opportunity is to be congenial toward the master which is a feat unto itself.He walks cautiously to the couch and sits down at the far end. Matthew smiles as he gets up to get himself and Will a beer from the fridge. He opens them bringing them back with some paper towels.

"I know it’s not fancy dining or anything but it tastes pretty good."

Will tries a social smile failing miserable as usual. He clears his throat after taking a drink. He places a piece of pizza on his paper towel. "Sometimes fancy dining is over rated. It can be a little stifling." taking a bite of greasy food Hannibal would be appalled at was even in his home.

Matthew sits closer to Will with his arms spread across the back. "You looked pretty comfortable in the fancy house and clothes." he watches the older man intently.

"Well, I was doing my job. Sometimes you do things you wouldn't necessarily ever really do. I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth." he replies talking around his pizza. Will has no worries this master will be offended by his lack of table manners.

"I am right there with you brother." Matthew says tipping his glass in a mock toast before he take another deep pull.

Will watches Matthew, he wonders how many the orderly has drank and what his alcohol tolerance is, it could be high. Probably, Will guesses. Matthew looks like he drinks cheap beer and liquor as the dijinn did when he was younger.

"Why don't you take off your coat?"

"I can't.Handcuffs linked by a chain makes it a little inconvenient to take off my coat." Will grimaces at his wrists.

"Oh I see that's why they were bands for Lecter. He changed them."

"Bingo!" Will takes a pull of his beer. Not too bad really, at least it's cold.

"Well then genie. I know what one of my wishes is." Matthew says looking at Will's wrists. Will hopes the master asks for bands like Hannibal but something is buzzing in the back of

his mind. Will stands like the must and bows looking at the new master.

"Yes Master. What is your wish?"

"I want you to be naked." Matthews says with a big leering smile. Will feels the color drain from his face. He feels dizzy, his breath is short. Oh fuck! He is having panic attack. Not now! Now is not the time to become immobile! he screams internally.He looks around the room and then at his master.

"What did you say? You want me naked. like right now?" the dijinn says his forehead is moist with perspiration.

"Yes, right now and let's make his permanent shall we?" Matthew says as his knee bounces up and down with nervous energy.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me! It's winter! I'll freeze." he says looking outraged at Matthew

"I guess you'll have to magic yourself some heat then. You aren't suppose to argue with your master, are you?" the orderly says in a quiet sing song voice. " Obey me. I wish that you have no clothes on from now on...a permanent change, Will." Matthew is smiling sadistically enjoying the flush of embarrassment and humiliation on the other man's face. He could get used to this. It's been a long time since the orderly has had a toy to play with and break.

Will looks sighs and looks around trying to decide if there is any loop hole in the wording of Matthew's wish he could use to protect himself. He doesn't find anything. The dijinn takes his glasses off and puts them in his pocket of his jacket.

"Oh you can leave those on, I insist actually, I like the way you look in them." Matthew smirks as he pops his neck.

Will clamps his jaw till the veins are visibly beating in time with his heartbeat. He takes the glasses out and opens them putting back into place. At least it was something to barricade the world out. Will groans in dismay as he starts to shimmer than he is there nude in front of Matthew with just his handcuffs on his wrists and glasses on his nose. The flush covers him from head all the way to his navel. Will tries not to hunch and give the new master a sadistic thrill over his new found authority over his vulnerability. He is losing to the urge to crawl into himself, as Matthew not so subtly inspects him. From his expression, Will can see the orderly has not found him lacking.

Will moves back to the couch to sit when Matthew grabs his hand. He looks his new master in the eyes briefly."No need to be shy Will. You are very pretty." the man giggles

Will's eyebrow goes up in irritation."I want you to sit here close to me. I can keep you warm" he adds, the older man decides as a way to twist the knife. Will grabs his beer before he sets down he is going to need it.Matthew smiles at his treasure. What good fortune is smiling down on him tonight.

Matthew turns on the tv looking for a movie. His arm had settled from Will's shoulder to his waist. His thumb stroking the other's skin almost absently minded..almost affectionate, if Will didn't know any better. His skin has goosebumps from the chill in the room and contact from the new master. The older man is trying to ignore the behavior hoping Matthew will drink himself into slumber. The dijinn huddles in toward himself, hands clasped in his lap for modesty and warmth. Half way through the movie, Will starts to shiver. His teeth start chattering uncontrollably. He sees Matthew is just watching his discomfort.

"Are you cold Will?"

"You could fucking say..that.." Will chatters out scowling at the stupid question.

"Well let me warm you up then."

"A blanket would be fine or better yet some clothes." Will sarcastically suggests. He can't hold his tongue when his balls are literally turning blue.

"Ummm...you know...I think...not. I can warm you up just fine." he purrs in Will's ear. The dijinn flinches trying to move away from Matthew's breath on his ear. The arm around him tightens.

"You really don't want to do this do you Matthew." Will responds softly. He hopes he can coax back logical thought out of intoxication.

"Yes I do"

"You are killer and a thief but you don't strike me as a rapist." Will says as the pushes on the younger man's chest as the other leans in closer.

" You are right. I am a killer and a thief. I take what I want. You belong to me now.You have to do what I say I am your master." Matthew says as he nuzzles his nose on Will's throat. Will winces as he pulls backward.Matthew digs his fingernails into Will's arms as the drags him closer to himself. Will pulls himself back bringing up his feet to use as leverage against Matthew.

Will hopes he can get away or make the master angry enough to send him back to his vessel. The dijinn kicks Matthew back as he scrambles back up the couch trying to twist enough to vault over the back. It almost works but his toes get caught on the edge of the couch. He falls heavily to the floor knocking the wind out of him. His new master is laughing and giggling as though they are two teenagers play wrestling. Will struggles to his feet as Matthew wraps his arms grabbing the chain on the handcuffs. Will pushes himself backwards slamming the wind out of the younger man with the impact of the wall. He pulls himself out of one of Matthew's hand but his other one has a firm grip on the chain.Will feels the burn in muscles as he and his new master struggle in a tug of war.

Outside his vessel Will could be injured. The dijinn has to go into his tackle box to heal and regenerate. Will had discovered his little known fact in dijinn lore with his first master. The former master was an especially sadistic and cruel man who enjoyed beating and whipping Will when he deemed Will was behaving badly. Will would return when called all healed as though nothing ever had happened. That relationship ended badly when the Master had badly worded a blood wish from him. I felt so good killing a man that had tortured him for years. The man's death was very painful, Will made sure.

The dijinn could be shot or stabbed or beaten within an inch of his life. He would not die but he would heal quickly in his box. Will is not sure what would happen if he could not return to his box. The dijinn doesn't want to find out. Matthew pulls with all his strength and as Will stumbles toward him, the younger man kicks Will's legs out from underneath him. The older man falls but he doesn't hit the ground he falls into his new master's arms, who hoists him up carrying him toward a bedroom. Will's arms are pinned to his chest by the way Matthew holds his chain. The older man grunts thrashing as he tries to escape from his new master.

Matthew sets him on the bed and drags him up to the headboard before looping the handcuff chain around the bedpost at the top. Will is held in place by his own chain even though he can kick he still hasn't been able to land one on Matthew. By this time both men are growling and snarling a each other. Matthew spits out blood, smiling at Will.The orderly must have bitten his mouth.

"I knew you were going to be fun as soon as I laid eyes on you. Don't move I gotta get something for us."the smiles leaving the room. Will cruses and raves as he tries in vain to pull his hands out of the cuffs or loosen them from the bedpost.Matthew return with a shaving kit bag. The orderly pulls a bottle of lube, some condoms, as well as a straight razor from the bag. Will goes very still looking at the razor.

"I see you were a boy scout, always prepared." he says

"Nah..I just fucked a lot of them." he says smiling at Will. His eyes travel over Will's body.

Will licks his lips as Matthew goes to remove his shirt."What's the razor for master?" he asks apprehensively

"This little thing is just for some fun. Well fun for me...you might develop a taste for it."

Will takes a stuttering breath as he pulls his bonds trying to slip them over the bedpost. This was far more dangerous than any situation the dijinn has been subjected too. There have been many masters and mistresses that wished for sex with him, some of them he seduced even. But not any former master has just taken physical affection from him without his consent. The dijinn doesn't know if it was out of fear of his power or respect. Will has never been torture by anyone before either. Even Hannibal in his quiet seduction and dominance has not

even crossed this threshold into blood play. Will attempts not to let his mind drift toward the older man. There is no use wishing when you can't have them fulfilled.

Matthew watches the djinn twist and fight he bonds that immobilized him. He relishes the feeling of power he has over the other.Now he can try out some of his more extreme fantasies with a partner who is bound to serve him...for better or worse.

The orderly gently slides onto the bed. He strokes Will's cheek as he stills like prey caught by a predator. The orderly caresses from Will's face up to the dijinn's hair. The younger man grabs a fist full of curls pulling them tight forcing a hiss of pain from his slave. Will looks at him from hooded eyes. Matthew kisses him while forcing his tongue inside his mouth. In a vain attempt to break free the dijinn tries to turn his face away only to have his hair fisted tighter. It feels like his hair is being pulled out by the roots. Will then bites Matthew lips breaking skin. Matthew pulls off laughing. He strikes Will a couple times across his face.

"You do like the rough stuff! Good!" he forces the dijinn's head back baring his neck. The orderly watches the adam's apple bob before he starts kissing and biting Will's neck. The older man reflexively moves his legs in an attempt to break free.Matthew moves down his neck kissing and tonguing the dijinn's chest before he focuses on a nipple. Playing with other he gives gentle focused attention to the other with his mouth until bites hard making his prisoner yelp in pain.

This makes Will flail harder to break free. Matthew's hand skims down down Will's stomach and thighs,he sucks the blood from the broken the skin. As the begins to explore Will's groin area the dijinn freezes. He is afraid of what his new master may do if he resists. Matthew looks up at him and smiles.

"Good boy." the purrs complementing his forced submission. "Just remember who is in charge here and this can be very pleasurable."

Will bites his tongue as the glares at his new master. His face is red from exertion and anger.The older man watches as Matthew sits across his hips as he reaches for the straight razor. It glints wickedly in the light. Matthew admires his tool while the dijinn's full panic crashes in on him. His imagination is providing several scenarios of what Matthew can do. All of them are unpleasant and all of them has him writhing in pain for his new master's pleasure.

Matthew smiles as the leans forward to Ill, his one hand on a pillow besides the other head, while another holds the razor's flat broadside against Will’s cheek. Will holds his breath willing himself to look away but his eyes can't move from the blade.

"Don't worry. I am not going to cut such a pretty face." the orderly coos to his victim.

Matthew moves the blade down his face to Will’s neck watching in satisfaction as he sees fear overcrowd the dijinn's defiant expression. The orderly sits up slowly as he takes the very tip of the blade down Will’s sternum causing a thin line of blood bead up along the way. Will hisses at the pain and tries to close his eyes. He tries heading into the forest in his mind to do some fishing. Every Time the reaches his destination he feels another cut. The most severe cuts comes when Matthew slices underneath his pectoral muscle cutting into the muscle. Will actually cries out and Mathew eyes glimmer with arousal.

"You fucking son of a bitch!" Will yells at his new master. Tears of pain and frustration well up in his eyes as he feels the next cut, somewhat more shallow following one of his ribs. Will slams his head back against the pillow. The older man feels his blood weep across his chest pooling in some of the dips as it runs down his sides onto the mattress.

Matthew smiles in satisfaction as the puts the blade away. He could do this all day and night but there is time for more later. Since his slave was his from now on. The orderly takes the lube and slicks up his weeping cock as he watches Will cry and his blood spring out of the cuts with every move the man makes.The orderly slides down between Will’s legs and pushes them apart. Will uses all his strength that is left to clamp his thighs together locking his foot around his other ankle. The last of his adrenaline kicking in for a few minutes of triumph. He resists even as his new master hits him across the face till his lip split and his eyes swells.

His master takes the razor up once again placing it at the base of his flaccid cock. "If you don't open up, I'll cut it off.” he says raising his eyebrow.

Will finally relents because he knows this sadists will cut it off and enjoy it the whole way. He swallows as he closes his eyes. The dijinn doesn't want to see Matthew’s smug face as he pushes into Will. The dijinn feels the sting and burn as he makes sobbing and choking out curses at his tormentor. Matthew sets up a punishing pace as he chases his release. Thankfully it comes sooner than later for Will. He feels numb and far away from the

circumstances he is in, his only thought now is getting to his tackle box to recover alone in the dark. After Matthew finishes he lays beside his dijinn as he strokes the man's uninjured side of his face. The orderly gives easy kisses and gentle caresses. While the talks Will hears nothing but a muffled voice rambling on. His new master plays in his blood making doodles with his fingernail.

Within a short time Matthew turns off the light covering them with a blanket before he falls asleep. Will weeps quietly when the realizes Matthew isn't going to send back to his vessel. The older man finally allows himself to drift into an uneasy slumber.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

home stretch people! Thanks for the comments and suggestions! Enjoy...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chilton is calling Matthew Brown for the umpteenth time in the past two days. Every since he sent Brown on his little errand he has heard nothing from the orderly. He hasn't heard from Hannibal either, which surprises him. Maybe Brown was unsuccessful in his retrieval of the tackle box? Maybe he took Chilton's money and left, who knows the grumbles to himself. The situation makes the warden of the BICI irritated. There is a buzz from his personal assistant that a Dr Lecter is here to see him. Chilton wipes sweaty palms on his pants plastering on a fake smile.

Hannibal enters the room looking regal in his three piece suit but a definite chill blew in with the man as he entered. He looks at Chilton with disdain. Chilton's fake smile falters for a brief moment.

"Hannibal. Good to see you. What can I help you with?"

Hannibal says nothing as he walks toward the desk eyes never leaving his prey. A couple of minutes ticked by as Chilton became more and more anxious.

"It maybe what I can do for you, Frederick." Hannibal says standing so close to the desk he brushes some papers from the edge to the floor.

"Oh and what will that be?" Chilton says as he fidgets with the head of his cane. His legs feel weak from standing but he is not going to sit down until Lecter does.

"Yes. I can save your life. You simply have to tell me who has taken Will and where they are. Then when Will is safely back to me, I won't' let him kill you." It's a simple threat but it hits

it’s mark in the anxious man before him. Chilton nervously laughs looking around.

“I don't know what you are talking about.”

“I know you do. I know you hired someone who has kept Will to himself. You’ve been swindled with nothing to show for it. Now I will find Will’s kidnapper, eventually, when I do I’ll make sure he knows who had him kidnapped. Then just for added amusement, I’ll wish that Will has unrestricted power to handle you as he sees fit. I suspect he is not very found of you, yes.” Hannibal blinks slowly watching his little mouse twist under the snake's gaze.

Finally Chilton legs give out and he must sit down. He rubs his chin with his hand knowing that time is running out. Hannibal is correct the djinn has no love for him. Will has already taken his kidney what next? Chilton nods his head giving in to Hannibal’s threat of retaliation.

“The kidnapper is Matthew Brown. His an orderly who works here. I haven’t heard from in two days and he hasn’t return to work either.”

“Give me his work file.” the cannibal smiles.

After Hannibal looks over Brown’s files, he contacts his own private investigator. The PI is discreet, through and fast with a heavy price attached to his services. Hannibal finds his skill worth every penny because within the day, he has information on Brown. The doctor believes that Matthew has take up residence in a cabin his grandparents once owned. It is in a remote location easily hid from the general public.

He needs to claim Will’s tackle box first then he can torment and kill Brown after. The doctor drives a ways out of the city using the GPS to find the location of the cabin. The day is dreary with fog settling in patches in the forest. It seems fortune is on his side the fog making it easier to ambush Brown. The doctor usually hates to improvise on a plan of action. There are two many variables where something can go amiss leaving evidence in it’s wake. Luckily, Hannibal can be adaptive, it is how the has remained free of police custody for so long.

Hannibal drives by the destination a couple of times looking for the best place to hid the car. He parks a mile from the house on a road used by, the looks of it, locals only. He gathers his bag of tools. The doctor walks through the woods to the outskirts of the cabin. Hannibal takes out his binoculars looking through for any sign of the occupants in the cabin.

Will is sitting naked by Matthew's feet. He is freezing and aching from the last string of cuts and bruises from his new master's sexual fixation. The dijinn rests his head on his arms crossed over his knees. He takes deep breaths relaxing into his imaginary plans for Matthew's demise. It is cold comfort right now. Immortality is a double edged sword, on one side is an individual has unlimited time for anything they wish to pursue especially revenge. The other side is the unlimited time on your hands.

Will feels a strange pull in his chest. He turns his head looking to see if his master's attention is engaged and it is. Then Will turns his head toward the window. He swears the can feel Hannibal's presence like he did when he was at a crime scene with Jack. The djinn squints making out the tree line, it's dusk so the shadows are growing long . The woods are waking up with night predators moving through them. It can be a distraction from what needs to actually seen.

All of a sudden he sees it, he thinks he does anyway, a glint of light reflecting off of something like glasses or binoculars. If that is Hannibal, Will needs to distract Matthew, before his new master realizes Hannibal is here. Matthew could use Will against Hannibal in a fight, which will not do.The djinn decides on a bold plan for distraction and hope it buys everyone time.

"Master?"

"Yes my pet." purrs Matthew,oh how he loves the way Will says that word. It is an instant aphrodisiac to the killer. The djinn is doomed every time he addresses Matthew.

"Have you decided on your other two wishes yet?"

Hannibal moves from tree to tree, shadow to shadow as he maneuvers his way to the cabin. Finally, he is near a window, the cannibal looks inside seeing Will sitting naked at Brown's feet. The djinn has been abused by the look of the fresh cuts and bruises. The urge to crash through the window is held in check only by this fact, Will can be used against him. He sees that Will is talking to Brown. Their conversation is muffled. Hannibal hopes Will can buy him some time. At a glance the tackle box is nowhere to be seen.

The doctor moves stealthily around the dwelling peering into windows. He still doesn't see his prize. The doctor looks in the little shed out back nothing but an ax and wood. Hannibal thinks about where Brown would sash it away from Will or anyone else who may seek it. Hannibal goes to Brown's car, he sees nothing in the back seat or the front seat. Hannibal picks the lock of the trunk. Eureka, there it is! Could it be that simple? Brown is a fledgling killer. They do tend to make stupid mistakes.Hannibal is very pleased indeed, how his plan is falling into place.

Matthew hums looking up at the ceiling and then back at Will. "I wonder what brought that question?"

The djinn shrugs his shoulder putting his forehead on his bent knees. "Just curious. I was hoping for clothing."

Matthew laughs ruffling Will's curls."You're so cute when you beg." Will moves his head away from the master's hand glaring. I am not cute, he thinks. I have supreme cosmic powers except for today and several days before.I am not at my best, Will huffs to his dismay.

Will begins to feel a familiar tingle in chest. The call to return to his vessel. Will looks up and smiles wide at Matthew. The last thing he sees of the new master's face is it contorting in confusion before fading away as Will becomes smoke.

Pitch black Darkness.

Silence.

The there was nothing more than silence and darkness for Will in this small moment of time. All his injuries are washed away in the warmth of the box. The darkness feels as good as it did in the beginning when he was first born into power of servitude. He feels his face become smooth and the chain fall away turning into bands now. And blessed clothing cradles him in softness. Will smiles as the feels himself being summoned.

When the djinn becomes solid again he is standing by Hannibal outside, near Brown's car. "Glad to see you William." the hears the familiar accent of a friend. Him with a friend after all these years, Will can't really fathom the idea.

Will just embraces Hannibal before the man knows what to make of it, he puts his arms around Will returning the warmth of something more.

"Well isn't that touching." drawls a voice from behind. Matthew is holding a shotgun aimed at Hannibal.

The men turn to look at the younger man on the porch. Something seems to pass between them as they briefly pull back glancing at each other.

"Hand over the tackle box Dr Lecter or I'll kill you. You know I may just kill you for fun anyways." Matthew licks his lips as he watches Lecter move the tackle box in front of him chest high. He is effectively using it as a shield. The younger man doesn't know if shooting the box will affect the djinn or not, so he hesitates.

"William I would like to use another one of my wishes." Hannibal says in a quiet calm tone.

"Yes. Master what do you require." Will purrs back as the looks at Matthew standing there with no idea what action needs to be taken.

“I want you to kill Matthew Brown in fashion you see fit. The only restriction is leave no evidence behind.” Will looks at Brown, a very cold smile on his lips as he sees the other man pale.

Will starts to disrobe as the speaks to Matthew,”If I were you I would run now. You know shooting me will do nothing to me. Hannibal, as my master, is under my protection no harm will come to him. So run.”

After Will is fully nude, his body begins to lengthen. His skin looks like black paint is flowing down from his head over his body. A large rack of horns come out of his head as talons come out sharp as knives. His eyes are now white. Matthew has sprinted into the woods as soon as he saw the horns emerge from Will’s head.

“What are you Will? You look Magnificent!” Hannibal gasps in awe

Will smiles with teeth bared that look like needles. “I am a wendigo. An eater of man’s flesh.I thought you would appreciate the mythology and the bow to your prefer meat to consume.”

Hannibal nods as his smile becomes predatory with his own sharp teeth bared. “I feel flattered. Are you flirting with me?”

“You do not strike me as a flowers and chocolate type of man, so man eating monster seemed apropos. Unfortunately, I am afraid, there will be no leftovers to share.” the djinn wendigo strolls to the treeline.

“That’s all right dearest. I’ve already have something planned for the menu this evening. Will you be long? Would you like to dine with me later?”

“No, I see no reason this will delay me long. Oh, the death will be painful but I am starving, so it will be like a snack. I won’t let it ruin my appetite or leave any evidence behind. I think there is some snacks inside with a tv.” Will pushes into the forest with speed like no other creature.

“They are probably processed and taste terrible.”Hannibal grumbles walking up the porch steps. He hears the screams of Matthew, like music to his ears, as the pig is devoured alive. Hannibal sighs with a smile on his face when he steps inside.

Later that same evning they arrive home. Hannibal has been quiet and thoughtful on their drive home.They enter the house, Hannibal heads to the kitchen with Will’s tackle box. Will follows dutifully behind.

“Would you like to take a bath and change into some fresh clothes? I’ll prepare a small meal for us.” Hannibal asks placing the tackle box on the counter. The master feels arms slide around his waist. He turns into the embrace as Will lays a small kiss on Hannibal’s lips.

“Yes that would be heaven sent.” The djinn smiles leaning his head on the the older man’s shoulder.

“Then off with you.” Hannibal says before he gives Will a gentle push toward the kitchen doorway with another stolen kiss.

As hannibal prepares a simple meal he begins to think about his final wish. The master actually needs another wish but he needs blood or gift to obtain it. He knows this wish is important to him, so more important of a wish, the gift must reflect it. What could be worthy of such a wish? Hannibal smiles wide as he knows exactly what he must do. Hannibal is humming when Will comes into the kitchen with damp hair and flushed cheeks from the bath wearing Hannibal’s robe.

Will winds his arms around Hannibal's waist while he lays his chin on Hannibal’s shoulder. Hannibal gives him a peck on the cheek before he returns to cooking. They stay like this until Hannibal has to move to get an ingredient while the djinn takes a seat at the arm chair in the corner.

“Will I know what I want for the final free wish will be.”

Will stands and bows smiling, “What may i do for you Master?”

“I wish that you would comb through Bella Crawford's memory, find something small she has lost like a trinket or jewelry or toy, that was very dear to her which nobody knows about then find the item and bring it to me.” Hannibal says as he starts to plate the meal.

Will pauses looking perplexed at Hannibal. “Something wrong William?”

“No it’s just odd but okay, it will be done.” Will pops out of the room returning with a small antique silver rattle. The djinn hands the rattle to Hannibal, who inspects it smiling as he turns it over in his palm admiring it.

“It has been in her family for many generations. She lost it in the move from Italy back to the United States. She was heartbroken when discovered it was gone. I believe their is a new baby to pass it on to.” The djinn is curious to what his clever master is up to.

“Thank you. Come now to the dining room and let us eat.”

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he next week Hannibal calls Bella Crawford and asks if he could meet with her. The doctor tells her he has a small gift for her. Bella is delighted as her cancer has progressed to advanced sage. She misses seeing old friends. Even though she has taken the cancer treatments to appease her husband for more time with her, she often wishes to stop the treatments.Bella wants to die with dignity.

Hannibal brings silkie chicken soup and the rattle. Bella is delighted and amazed because that rattle has been missing twenty or so years. Her eyes holds tears over the recovery of the family heirloom. Bella asks Hannibal how did he know about it and where did he procure it from. Hannibal begins to tell her his tale.

Several months pass after Hannibal’s meeting with Bella. He and William fall into a domestic

routine that Hannibal admits he has come to love. The doctor convinces Will he wants to wait a while longer before fully having sexual relations Will tries his best to be very persuasive trying to change his mind. Hannibal desire Will to be fully in love with him before moving forward with his plan.

Once the master sees the love in his djinn's eyes, does it set everything into motion.On a warm spring morning Hannibal makes an eagerly anticipated call. The master asks Will to go to the store and pick up some wine for him.

When Will returns later, he brings the wine to the kitchen. The djinn calls out for Hannibal who answers from the study. When Will enters the study, Jack and Bella Crawford are there waiting. Will looks at Bella wishing he could restore her health back to her. She is a wisp of the person she once was.

“Will, please come in and sit. I have something to discuss with you.” Will comes in greeting the Crawfords. He sits with anxious curiosity. It seems everyone is on edge. Hannibal clears his throat.

“I want to make another wish and I have a gift to offer.” Hannibal watches as the djinn eyes widen as he looks at the Crawfords. “They remember and know what you are Will.”

Will nods his head in understanding hoping to hell and heaven, Hannibal has a worthy gift for this wish.The djinn stands and bows to the doctor, “What is your gift and what is your wish?” saying as he crosses his arms looking intently at Hannibal.

Hannibal smiles, “My gift is myself. I pledge to be yours for as long as you’ll have me. I give you mind, body and if I still have one, soul.”

Will is clearly shocked to have someone give themselves to him. It was a binding agreement. It cannot be broken by any other. “You will no longer be my Master, you understand. We will be equals but you will have no powers.Is that what you want?”

“Yes,very much so William.” the doctor says with no hesitation. Will takes a moment to clear the emotion from his voice.”Then what is this wish that you have seen fit to give everything

for?”

“I wish that you become a mortal man. Bella has agreed to willing to take your place. She will be free of her illness and Jack will have his Bella. Jack has agreed to take his first wish to make sure you remember what has happened and more importantly about us.” Bella leans into Jack smiling as the kisses her forehead.

Will stands stunned. He can’t move. The Djinn is so moved by the whole generosity of the situation. This is truly what these wishes were meant for to improve and help others.

“How did you convince her?” Will whispers

“I gave her the rattle and told her our story. She wants to be well and with Jack. You want to be mortal. I want you to be happy with me. No more people trying to steal you away.” Hannibal says taking a seat in a chair.

“I..I..am... I am just..wow..this is wonderful. Words escape me. Bella are sure about this? You will be bound to your vessel until someone willing takes your place?”

Bella nods her head.”I am very sure and very willing.”

“I am going to wish her vessel is hidden away; where only she knows where it is when I summon her for the first time. Bella will remain here, not put away waiting for someone to find her.”

“Well, I guess it is all settled then isn't’ it. I feel a bit nervous. Are you ready Bella?” Will looks at the frail woman. The djinn helps her to stand as he guides her to the middle of the room holding her hands.”If you want to back out, now is the time.”

“I really want this Will. I am dying. This is a second chance for me. For us.” Will nods smiling and he closes his eyes.

Hannibal and Jack stand together watching. Nothing seems to happen until there is a bright white light the surrounds the pair. Then it dissipates with Will standing there. The is in the clothes he wore when Hannibal first summoned him but there are no chains. In front of him on the floor is an antique silver jewelry box that Jack swiftly gathers up into his arms.

“How are you feeling Will?’ Hannibal asks waiting to see what Will remembers. The man blinks turning around and looking. He looks panicked.

“Where am I? Where are my dogs? I was walking in the woods.” he starts to shake in panic.

Meanwhile, Jack rubs the box gently watching as smoke curls out forming into his wife Bella glowing with health and beauty. They embrace but reluctantly part when they hear Hannibal cough.

“Please, give William his memory before he has a panic attack.” motioning to Will looking wildly around gripping his chest.

Jack wishes for Will’s full memory to be restored. Will’s breath returns to normal and his eyes are steady and knowing. He throws his arms around Hannibal.

“It fucking worked! I fucking worked!” Will grabs the older man tighter laughing.

“Yes it did beloved. Yes it did. I am yours now.” Hannibal whispers

“And I am yours.” Will smiles kissing Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

I have turned into full throttle fluff writer. Save me! :)

So what you think?

This is part one of a series. The next is Hannibal is a genie but he ain't as nice as Will is. Bawhahahaw! I can't wait,

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!